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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD. *Second Series.* Collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, &c. Edinburgh, 1818. 4 vols.

The author of this Novel will have no one to accuse so much as himself, if the critical judgment passed upon it should not be so favourable as he wishes. He has raised the standard by which such productions are tried so high, that it is not surprising that even he should sometimes be found to fall short of it. In a word, we think *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, for such is the title of the story which occupies these four volumes, inferior in almost every respect to the preceding works from the same source, including the *Waverley* series with that designated as *Tales of my Landlord*.

It appears to us that this new publication has less of the portraiture of national manners than the best of its precursors, while it has more of the uncommon incidents common to the class of writings to which it belongs. It produces an inferior effect from delineating, and that in a fainter manner, the characteristics of a sect (Cameronians) neither so important nor so interesting as the Covenanters, personified in Balfour of Burley, old Mrs. Headrigg, and their teachers and partisans. Its actors are of too low an order, and the scene of a gaol, with the adventures of its inmates of thieftakers, prostitutes, rogues, robbers, and murderers, does, we conceive, furnish a bad foundation for a narrative of this length. The law with which the volumes abound, though sometimes witty and generally whimsical, is by far too prolix; and the endless definitions of Mr. Saddletree, an artisan prone to attending the Court of Session, become really tedious, especially when superadded to pleadings and opinions of counsel as long and minute as if the case, instead of a fiction, were really one of life and death. To conclude our objections, there are more evident symptoms of carelessness in this composition than we remember in any of the former; and though the author cannot write ill, nor what would fail to be entertaining, he has upon the whole permitted as much alloy to creep into these pages as we could have anticipated at his hands.

Notwithstanding these defects, however.
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ever, there are many parts of deep pathos; there is great spirit and truth in the drawing of most of the characters; the fabulous portion of the story is admirably connected with the history of Captain Porteous' death, and its consequences; and the catastrophe is dreadfully just, though perhaps the moral lesson instilled by the lives of Euphemia Deans and George Robertson, is rather calculated to produce evil than good.

Novels are to us the most difficult things to review in a satisfactory manner. Neither a dry outline of the plot, nor an extract of any particular part, suffice to convey an adequate idea of the subject in hand, and our limits do not admit of going more at large into illustration. As far as we may go we now proceed to analyze 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.'

The *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, then, is the Tolbooth, or Newgate of Edinburgh, and it is facetiously declared to be a sad heart, a close heart, a wicked heart and a poor heart, a strong heart and a high heart. At the execution of one Wilson, in Sept. 1736, for robbing a Custom-house officer, some tumult arose, and Porteous, captain of the town guard, fired among the mob, by which several persons were killed. For this offence he was tried, and condemned to death, but reprieved by Queen Caroline on the day appointed for his doom. The populace were infuriated by this baulk on justice, as they considered it, and at night the extraordinary spectacle was seen of an organized multitude disarming the soldiery, securing the gates, breaking open the prison, dragging forth the prisoner, and hanging him near the usual place for carrying into effect the sentence of the law. No disorder of any kind accompanied this tumultuous rising, in which politics were deeply concerned. But the murder of Captain Porteous is too generally known to require further elucidation; and while we give the author credit for having detailed the whole affair in an animated way, we conceive he might advantageously have abridged it, so as not to occupy, as it does, almost all the first volume.

The fiction woven upon this real incident is thus managed. In the Tolbooth, at the period of Porteous' mob, is a girl named Effie Deans, accused of child-murder, and at least of concealing the birth of a natural child, which was a capital offence by the then laws of Scotland.

She is the youngest daughter of David Deans, a cow-keeper, near Edinburgh, a rigid Dissenter of the sect of Cameronians. Reuben Butler, a poor young schoolmaster in holy orders, and attached to Jeanie Deans, the elder sister, is forced by the mob to officiate as chaplain to Captain Porteous; and it turns out that an accomplice of Wilson's, who acted a conspicuous part in this riot in a female dress, is the seducer of poor Effie, and the father of her lost child. To rescue her is one of his inducements to undertake this desperate exploit, but she refuses to escape when the doors of her dungeon are opened to her. Robertson is obliged to fly, and figures in half a dozen Jonathan Wild sort of adventures; one of which is to persuade Jeanie Deans to swear that her unhappy sister had not concealed her pregnancy from her, which would do away with the capital charge against her. This perjury the religious and virtuous Jeanie refuses to commit, and Effie is convicted and condemned to die. Jeanie now determines to walk to London, and solicit her pardon from the Queen; and through the mediation of the great Duke of Argyle, she obtains an interview of Her Majesty, and miraculously carries her point. In her journey, however, she encounters some strange obstacles. She is made captive by an old gipsy of the name of Murdockson, who, with her mad daughter, are the parties that disposed of Effie's child, out of revenge for the seduction of the daughter by Robertson. She also encounters Robertson himself, who turns out to be the son of Mr. Staunton, a dignitary of the Church, and of a very ancient family. He is now reclaimed and repentant. Having accomplished her purpose in London, Jeanie returns, marries Butler, who is presented to a church by the Duke of Argyle; and David Deans, being appointed a kind of overseer at the same place, the whole family settle comfortably on the borders of Dumbartonshire. Effie, when released, elopes from her father's house, and is secretly united to her lover, who gets her polished by a few years residence upon the Continent, and returns to England and to large property with his wife, whose history is confined to his own bosom, and that of her sister. They live in splendid wretchedness, while the humbler branches of the

Deans' connection enjoy comfort and happiness. Mrs. Murdockson being very properly hanged at Carlisle, her confession affords reason to believe that Effie's infant had not been murdered; and Robertson, alias Sir George Staunton, with his lady, visit Scotland, in order to trace him if possible. In his search he lands at an island near Butler's residence, where he is attacked by a desperate smuggler and his associates, and killed, it is believed, by a young lad, one of the gang. This savage is his own son, who had been sold by Murdockson to these banditti. He perishes soon after, and Lady Staunton is converted to Catholicism, and retires to a Convent. Old David Deans is gathered to his fathers, and the Butlers live beloved and die lamented.

Such is the general outline of this Novel; but there are subordinate characters of considerable originality, who fill up the canvas, and often stand on the foreground. Of these the chief are, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, a selfish Natural, and a suitor to Jeanie Deans, though his mode of courtship is exceedingly curious and tactless. Bartholine Saddletree, the law-devoted artisan, of whom we have already spoken, and his wife, Mrs. Glass, a snuff-seller in London, and Scotch cousin to the Deans. The Queen, Lady Suffolk, the Duke of Argyll and his family. Madge Wildfire, alias Miss Murdockson, a crazy Ophelia in low life, singing snatches of old songs, and conversing with fancied ghosts and goblins. Ratcliffe, a police officer, compounded of thief and traitor; together with sundry villains, such as adorn the Beggar's Opera, and a due proportion of Edinburgh lawyers and gossips, who are brought in more or less to take a share in the business going forward.

After perusing this epitome, we imagine our readers will coincide with our opinion, that the dramatist personae are a little too far degraded in the scale of humanity; and that some of the main incidents border too closely upon the improbable of romance. Robertson's hairbreadth escapes, and the subsequent elevation of Effie to be a leader of fashion at Court; the perilous travels of Jeanie, her incarceration in a gipsy cavern, and her confabulation with the Queen; and the violent finale, are all objectionable in this point of view: and when events so like miracles are resorted to in order to disentangle the intricacies of plot, it is astonishing how it diminishes the interest we take in the fate of the parties implicated. We don't care for Tom Thumb's dying, or being swallowed by a

cow, when we know there is an enchanter who can bring him to life again, or cause the quadruped to cast him up.

Before copying out a specimen of the work, we must protest against the vulgarity 'lay,' vol. I. p. 32—"you lay entirely at our mercy," instead of "you lie," is unworthy of the author. We now proceed to make a few extracts. The death of an old gripping rascal, the elder laird of Dumbiedikes, is well painted. He was about to distress his tenants, Deans, and the mother of Butler.

On the very term-day, when their ejection should have taken place, when all their neighbours were prepared to pity, and not one to assist them, the minister of the parish, as well as a Doctor from Edinburgh, received a hasty summons to attend the Laird of Dumbiedikes. Both were surprised, for his contempt for both faculties had been pretty commonly his theme over an extra bottle, that is to say, at least once every day. The leech for the soul, and he for the body, alighted in the court of the little old Manor-house, at almost the same time; and when they had gazed a moment at each other in some surprise, both in the same breath expressed their conviction that Dumbiedikes must needs be very ill indeed, since he summoned them both to his presence at once. Ere the servant could usher them to his apartment, the party was augmented by a man of law, Nichol Novit, writing himself procurator before the Sheriff-court, for in those days there were no solicitors. This latter person was first summoned to the apartment of the Laird, where, after some short space, the soul-curer and the body-curer were invited to join him.

Dumbiedikes had been by this time transported into the best bed-room, used only upon occasions of death and marriage, and called, from the former of these occupations, the Dead-Room. There was in this apartment, besides the sick person himself and Mr. Novit, the son and heir of the patient, a tall gawky silly-looking boy, of fourteen or fifteen, and a housekeeper, a good buxom figure of a woman, betwixt forty and fifty, who had kept the keys and managed matters at Dumbiedikes' since the lady's death. It was to these attendants that Dumbiedikes addressed himself pretty nearly in these words; temporal and spiritual matters, the care of his health and his affairs, being strangely jumbled, in a head which was never one of the clearest:

"These are sair times wi me, gentlemen and neighbours! amais as ill as at the aughty-nine, when I was rabbled by the colleaguens.—They mistook me muckle—they ca'd me a papist, but there was never a papist bit about me, minister.—Jock, ye'll take warning—it's a debt we moun a' pay, and there stands Nichol Novit, that will tell ye I was never gude at paying debts in my life.—Mr. Novit, ye'll no forget to draw the rent that's due on the Yeri's band—if I pay debt to other folk, I think

they wuld pay it to me—that equals equals.—Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping. My father tauld me sae forty years sin', but I ne'er fand time to mind him.—Jock, ne'er drink brandy in the morning, it files the stomach; gin ye take a morning's draught, let it be aqua mirabilis; Jenny there makes it weel. Doctor, my breath is growing as scant as a broken-winded piper's, when he has played for four-and-twenty hours at a penny wedding.—Jenny, pit the cold meath my head—but it's a' needless! Mass John, could ye think o' rattling over some bit short prayer, it wad do me gude maybe, and keep some queer thoughts out o' my head.—Say something, man."

"I cannot use a prayer like a rat-rhyme," answered the honest clergyman; "and if you would have your soul redeemed like a prey from the fowler, Laird, you must needs shew me your state of mind."

"And shouldna ye ken that without my telling you?" answered the patient. "What have I been paying stipend and teind, parsonage and vicarage for, ever sin' the aughty-nine, an' I canna get a spell of a prayer for't, the only time I ever asked for ane in my life?—Gang awa' wi your whiggery, if that's a' ye can do; and Curate Kiltoup wad hae read half the Prayer-book to me by this time—Awa' w'ye!—Doctor, let's see if ye can do ony thing better for me."

The Doctor, who had received some information in the meanwhile from the housekeeper on the state of his complaints, assured him the medical art could not prolong his life many hours.

"Then damn Mass John and you baith!" cried the furious and untractable patient. "Did ye come here for naething but to tell me that ye canna help me at the pinch? Out wi them, Jenny—out o' the house! and, Jock, my curse, and the curse o' Cromwell gae wi ye, if ye gie them eicher fee or bountith, or sae muckle as a black pair o' cheverons."

The clergyman and doctor made a speedy retreat out of the apartment, while Dumbiedikes fell into one of those transports of violent and profane language, which had procured him the surname of Damn-medikes—"Bring me the brandy bottle, Jenny, ye b—," he cried, with a voice in which passion contended with pain. "I can die as I have lived, without fashing ony o' them. But there's a fearful thing hings about my heart, and an anker of brandy winna wash it away.—The Deans at Woodend! I sequestered them in the dear years, and now they are to flit they'll starve—and that Beersheba, and that auld trooper's wife and her oo, they'll starve—they'll starve!—Look out, Jock; what night is't?"

"Onding o' spaw, father," answered Jock, after having opened the window, and looked out with great composure.

"They'll perish in the drifts," said the expiring sinner—"they'll perish wi could!"

—but I'll be het enough, gin a tales be true."

This last observation was made under breath, and in a tone which made the very attorney shudder. He tried his hand at ghostly advice, probably for the first time in his life, and recommended, as an opiate for the agonized conscience of the Laird, reparation of the injuries he had done to these distressed families, which, he observed by the way, the civil law called *restitutio in integrum*. But Mammon was struggling with Remorse for retaining his place in a bosom he had so long possessed; and he partly succeeded, as an old tyrant proves often too strong for his insurgent rebels.

"I canna do't," he answered, with a voice of despair. "It would kill me to do't—how can ye bid me pay back siller, when ye ken how I want it? or dispoone Beersheba, when it lies sae weel into my ain plaid-niuk? Nature made Dumbiedikes and Beersheba to be ae man's land—She did by*** Nichil, it wad kill me to part them."

"But ye maun die, whether or no, Laird," said Mr. Novit; "and maybe ye wad die easier—it's but trying. I'll scroll the disposition in nae time."

"Dinna speak o't, Sir, or I'll fling the stoup at your head—But, Jock, lad, ye see how the world warstles wi' me on my death-bed. Be kind to the puir creatures the Deanses and the Butlers. Dinna let the world get a grip o' ye, Jock—but keep the gear thegither! and whate'er ye do, dispoone Beersheba at no rate. Let the creatures stay at a moderate mailing, and hae bite and soup; it will maybe be the better wi' your father where he's gaun, lad."

After these contradictory instructions, the Laird felt his mind so much at ease that he drank three bumpers of brandy continuously, and "soughed awa," as Jenny expressed it, in an attempt to sing "De'il stick the minister."

When Ratcliffe asks for a place as the reward for betraying his associates, the colloquy among the city officers is humorously satirical.

"A bonny sort of a scoundrel," replied the Magistrate, "to expect a place under the city!"

"Begging your honour's pardon," said the city's procurator fiscal, "it is just sic as Ratcliffe that the town needs in my (the police) department; an' if sae be that he's disposed to turn his knowledge to the city's service, ye'll no find a better man.—Ye'll get nae saints to be searchers for uncustomed goods, or for thieves and sic like;—and your decent sort of men, religious professors, and broken tradesmen, that are put into the like o' sic trust, can do nae gude awa. They are feared for this, and they are scrupulous about that, and they are na free to tell a lie, though it may be for the benefit of the city; and they dinna like to be out at irregular hours, and in a dark cauld night, and they like a clout ower the crown far waur; and sae between the fear o' God, and the fear o'man, and the fear o' getting a

sair throat, or sair banes, there's a dozen o' our city-folk, baith waiters, and officers, and constables, that can find out naething but a wee-bit skulduggery for the benefit of the Kirk-treasurer. Jock Porteous, that's stiff and stark, puir fallow, was worth a dozen o' them; for he never had ony fears, or scruples, or doubts, or conscience, about ony thing your honours bade him."

"He was a gude servant o' the town," said the Baillie, "though he was an ower free-living man. But if you really think this rascal Ratcliffe could do us ony service in discovering these malefactors, I would insure him life, reward, and promotion. It's an awsome thing this mischance for the city, Mr. Fairscrieve. It will be very ill tane wi' abune stairs. Queen Caroline, God bless her, is a woman—at least I judge sae, and its nae treason to speak my mind sae far—and ye maybe ken as weel as I do, for ye hae a housekeeper, though ye are nae married man, that women are wilfu', and downa bide a slight. And it will sound ill in her ears, that sic a confused mistake suld come to pass, and naeboddy sae muckle as to be put into the Tolbooth about it."

"If ye thought that, Sir," said the Procurator-fiscal, "we could easily clap into the prison a few blackguards upon suspicion. It will have a gude active look, and I hae aye plenty on my list, that wadna be a hair the waur of a week or twa's imprisonment; and if ye thought it no strictly just, ye could be just the easier wi' them the neist time they did ony thing to deserve it; they arena the sort to be lang o' geeing ye an opportunity to clear scores wi' them on that account."

Near St. Anthony's Well, in the environs of Edinburgh, there is a place of horrid celebrity, called Muschat's Cairn, from the heap of stones thrown together where a man of the name of Muschat murdered his wife. Madge Wildfire, in one of her raving fits, thus dreadfully describes it:—

"I hae sat on the grave frae bat-fleeing time, till cock-crow, and had mony a fine crack wi' Nicol Muschat and Alie Muschat, that are lying sleeping below. . . . A's forgotten now—Ye see I spoke to them mysel, and tauld them byganes suld be byganes—her throat's sair misguggled and mashackered though; she wears her corpse-sheet drawn weel up to hide it, but that canna hinder the bluid seeping through, ye ken. I vussed her to wash it in St. Anthony's Well, and that will cleanse, if ony thing can—But they say bluid never bleaches out o' linen claiith—Deacon Sanders' new cleansing draps winna do't—I tried mysel on a bit rag we hae at hame, that was mailed wi' the bluid of a bit skirling wean that was hurt some gate, but out it winna come—Weel, ye'll say that's queer; but I will bring it out to St. Anthony's blessed Well some braw night just like this, and I'll cry up Alie Muschat, and she and I will hae a grand bouking-washing, and bleach our claiise in the beams o' the bonny Lady Moon, that's far pleasanter

to me than the Sun—the Sun's ower het, and ken ye, cummers, my brains are het enough already. But the moon, and the dew, and the night-wind, they are just like a callar kail-blade laid on my brow; and whiles I think the moon just shines on purpose to pleasure me, when naeboddy sees her but mysel."

The trial scene of Effie Deans is extremely affecting, but its length forbids extract: the previous meeting of the sisters in the prison, is also touching in a powerful degree; we can only give a very brief example of it:—

"O, Effie," said her elder Sister, "how could you conceal your situation from me! O, woman, had I deserved this at your hand? had ye spoke but ae word—sorry we might have been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae dune?" answered the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See (she said, producing the sacred volume) the book opens aye at the place o' itself. O see, Jeanie, what a fearful scripture."

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner—"Isna my crown, my honour removed? And what am I but a poor wasted wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' the blossoms on it; and then it lay till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysel."

"O, if ye had spoken a word," again sobbed Jeanie. . . .

She then explains that the consequence would have been to clear her of the capital crime, and a dialogue resembling that between Florio and Isabella, in Measure for Measure, ensues, in which the wretched Effie implores her sister to do a little wrong to save her life, and avows her unchangeable love for her seducer.

The interview with the Queen is one of the happiest efforts of the author. Jeanie commits several blunders, such as observing, that there were many places besides Scotland, where mothers were unkind to their own flesh and blood—the disputes between the King and Prince of Wales were then at their height, and the blame was pretty gene-

rally laid upon the Queen;) explaining the use of the stool of repentance for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh commandment, to Lady Suffolk, the King's mistress, &c. But her beseeching mercy made amends for all, and with that passage we shall conclude our observations. Speaking of Captain Porteous, in answer to a remark of Her Majesty, she exclaims,

"He is dead and gone to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister—my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, Madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—O, my Leddy, then it isna what we have done for ourself, but what we hae done for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail o' ae tow."

To these specimens we need scarcely add, that we retract every censure upon *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, except when compared with the former productions of the same author.

Childe Harold's Monitor; or Lines occasioned by the last Canto of Childe Harold: including Hints to other Contemporaries. London 1818. Anonymous. pp. 97.

Under the title of a Monitor to Lord Byron, the author of this poem has entered into a pretty general satire upon the bards of the present day. Indeed his admonitions to his favoured and admired poet are in no proportion to his censures, or hints, as he chuses to term his remarks upon the rest of the inspired tribe. We gather

little from his advice to Harold but that he warns him to beware of imitating the moderns, to polish his versification, and to recoil upon Homer, Horace, and the ancient masters of the lyre, as classic models, superior to the irregular flights of the newer Muse.

But of Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Crabbe, and others who are incidentally introduced, he is by no means so tender. Their defects are proclaimed with a loud voice, and a very scanty meed of praise doled out to them.

Opinion is so nearly the all and all in our judgment upon poetry, that we should never quarrel with any one for maintaining sentiments *toto cœlo* different from our own. We shall not therefore dispute the decisions of the writer, since we not only do not differ so entirely from him, but heartily assent to many of his propositions, though there are perhaps an equal number which are directly hostile to our view of the scale of contemporary genius.

With regard to the work itself, there is unquestionably in it a marked display of talent. The author is not merely a scholar, but a person of original mind and great discrimination. His remarks are those of a man entitled to attention, even though we refuse to acknowledge their propriety or justice. Though not perhaps "himself the great sublime he draws," his composition is distinct and nervous throughout; in some passages eloquent, and in others playful, but in these rather below than above the standard of Phædrus—

Lusus animo debent aliquando dari—

in order to return to the graver reasoning.

The chief blemish, however, is the total want of the *lucidus ordo*. In twelve or fourteen hundred lines, there seems to be little arrangement. It is never a pitched battle, but altogether a series of skirmishes, and the same ground is re-occupied and recontested many times over. And this in so straggling and desultory a manner, that though we may perceive that the admiration of Lord Byron is the key to the position, we can hardly see that it is the pivot on which the operations turn.

Under these circumstances, our extracts must of necessity be rather unconnected; but they will suffice to shew our readers what is the way of thinking, and what are the merits of an author who assuredly has no cause *garder l'anonyme* from any dread of his abilities being underrated.

In arraigning Childe Harold before his tribunal, the author cites him only

on poetic grounds, and with other bards. This is the essence of his doctrine:

Bid them no more in paths eccentric run,
But move obedient round great Homer's sun;
Draw light and heat from him, their common source,

And dart the rays of regulated force;
Safe from the comet bards, who idly grace
The vague dominions of poetic space;
Now here, now there, the random fire impart,
Entrance the head, and wear away the heart;
Shoot noxious glory down the sparkling waste,
And brightly desolate the spheres of Taste.

The principles of the noble writer he leaves to a higher law, and specially excludes their consideration:

Not to an earthly bar, a judge unknown,
With faults, if different, heavy as thine own,
Here art thou summoned for thy moral stains—
(Forgive them, God! &c.)

This is a liberal and humane canon of criticism; but at the same time those who adopt it, if they absolve themselves from the sin of presumptuously passing sentence upon a fellow mortal, being themselves as weak and mistaken, they shrink from that unpleasant duty of indignantly exposing and reprehending immorality and vice. But we take the author as he pleases to give himself to us. His is only the court of the Muses, and neither the King's Bench nor the Ecclesiastical Court enter into his plan. But he ought in candour to have meted out judgment upon others according to the same rule; then we should not have had to quote the following imputations.

Learn then this truth, ye scribblers of a day!
Cowper's false light, and Wordsworth's weaken'd ray,

Flow from one source—from Vanity! that sheds
Cameleon tints on Folly's myriad heads.

Their tint was novelty's o'erweening charm:
This co ld in one all earlier taste disarm,
A scholar's knowledge, and a poet's fire,
And make a Jew's-harp of a Grecian lyre!

This, in his duller brother, deeper still,
From wandering reason, and from steady will,
Drove the fixed nonsense of a new-born tongue,
Where verse should ape the vulgar and the young;

Where strange conceptions in familiar prose
Should startle first, then pull you by the nose;
Lap all your soul in metaphysic airs—
Then slap your back, and ask you "how it fares?"

Incongruous mixture of sublime and low,
Of household matters mixed with moral woe!
Of drawing, quaker-like, concealed phrase,
To dress the sentiments of nobler days!

The northern Ariosto and the Laureate
fare little better than Cowper and Wordsworth. We are told, in rather affected style, that Byron has stained himself by imitating the meanest group, and been betrayed

To broken sense, low phrase, and rugged verse,
To false sublimity's familiar curse—
Where ancient Pistol strives with modern Scott,
And Grammar gasps in death, and all that is,
is not!

Were it less painful, thus obscured to see
So strong a sunbeam, and that sunbeam thee;
No hour of mine were wasted to condemn
Such fitting phantoms, and those phantoms
them.

Here is a fine play of pronouns: but we
pass to the remaining censures on the
"sinking Gothic band" whose pollu-
tions have reached "The first of living
minstrels." We are told of

feebly metaphysic tones
Rough as Scott's hymns, and dull as Words-
worth's groans.

Of

Gathering poor scraps that Coleridge might re-
fuse
From Gothic wastes—where Crabbe at length
has roved.

The strong and natural Crabbe,

While he the Parish Bard from life's brief day
Has "torn the decent drapery" away;
And rudely stooped, with barbarous eye, to trace
The pencilled wrinkles of Affliction's face!

Of

Southey, with plainness levelled down to prose,
And intermingled swearings, dully flows;
Still low in tone, though oft in thought divine
Assumes the man, but yet retains the swine—
Perverted slave, 'mid Circe's conquered rout,
His heart Ulysses, but his mouth a snout—

There is a vulgar saying when a per-
son looks sulky that he resembles "a
sow playing on a trumpet," whence we
suppose the author has borrowed this
strange idea of having the Laureate
snouted for his birthday sack-butt. But
Southey is himself the butt for more
arrows—every rhymester of the day
must have a pelt or two at him. The
German school is lashed in

Klopstock, thou leader of the drowning band,
Thou drowsy bee that humm'st o'er Judah's
land;

Whose heavy note, half snored, and hardly sung,
Cloyed with the sweets, without the sting of
Young,

Bursts in bombastic pop-guns, now and then—
To thee, in part, we owe our foolscap men.

And thence it is affirmed of England's
Muse,

Palely she drooped, in melody's decline,
From Cowper's loose, to Southey's looser line;
Till Wordsworth dared on Keswick's banks to
plant

The verse of Klopstock with the sense of Kant.

Again they are described as

- - - rude, irregular Scott, or Southey tame,
Or Crabbe, degenerate from his purer fame

- - - Scott, the kelpie, from his coral caves
Springs, to deform the calmness of the waves;
Lends roar and roughness to the narrow reign,
But rolls no billows of the mighty main—

- - - high-wrought Campbell (though too stiff a
grace
Antiquely shines in Gertrude's garb of lace)

- - - flowery Thomson's Asiatic curse

From flowery Thomson to the meaner train;
To drowsy Cowper and to Wordsworth vain,

Who sink like Jacob's angels, till they reach
From Heaven to Earth in lowered scales of
speech.

These quotations are, we think, suffi-
cient to prove that the Satirist is most
unjustly severe upon our living poets. It
is true he allows Thomson, Scott and
Campbell * praise in other lines, and has
eulogised Gifford, Moore † and Rogers, ‡
but in general his affections rest upon
the dead, Greek, Roman, French, and
English. In his favourites he either
does not or will not see the faults he so
readily discovers in those whose efforts
have not so much pleased his fancy. He
anathematizes in Wordsworth what he
refuses to subject to criticism in Byron;
he denounces Scott for what he almost
lauds in Homer; and he even imputes
unworthy motives to some, while he dis-
claims the right of searching at all into
the motives of others.

In other respects we may repeat our
approbation of the high abilities dis-
played in this poem; whence we shall
yet copy a few more general extracts as
examples of the writer's powers. His
excuse for setting up as a poetical re-
former is ingenious:

If excellence alone may censure sin,
Where shall the business of reform begin?
When clouds of night so far obscure the mind,
The blind *must* act as leaders of the blind;
And nobler harps, in sleep inglorious laid,
Draw forth a lowly brother from the shade.
—Heed the monition, Bards! tho' not the man;
Blame what ye will, but mend by what ye can:

—Well may yon sign-post guide you on your
way,

Condemn'd itself in silent rest to stay;
Well may yon whetstone fine your blunted dart,
Itself unfit to penetrate the heart.

The following observation is excellent:

Who has not marked, in Mind's mysterious
round,

Some kindling thought, ere thought revives in
sound;

Words call ideas into life, and then
Ideas germinate in words again?
As opening buds give birth to blossomed flowers,
Then reassume their first productive powers.

And again on the abuse of language, and
want of perspicuity in writing.

By wondrous ties are Taste and Truth com-
bined,

And such the spell of language o'er the mind,
The daring voice, that barbarizes speech,
And laughs at rules that graybeard pedants teach;

* With Hope's fair torch illumines Nature's fall,
Or wings a transient flight, ye bards! above
you all.

† Moore, whose diffusive song from west to east
Bears Music's jubilee, and Learning's feast;
Bright as the fire-flies in Columbia's groves,
And warm and soft as Oriental loves.

‡ Delightful Rogers! whose ideal beam
Streams o'er the vale, and should for ever stream
Where polished minds on rural manners gaze,
And lend coarse Truth Imagination's rays.

Grows, by degrees, insensible to shame,
When neighbouring Vice with Virtue changes
name—

When leaky fools win open Candour's praise;
Or (screened beneath some bulwark of a phrase,
Some giant term, like Honour) conquering Sin,
Storms the lost heart, and leads his thousands in.
Then Lust is Levity, and crowned with fame;
Then Prudence Avarice, and stamped with blame;
Pride grows Reserve; and Courage—nobler
flood

That fills man's veins—pours forth his brother's
blood.

Not with more fury o'er his trampled slave
Rolls Jagernaut, and opens a nation's grave;
Not with more ignorant and bestial zeal
Successive wretches crawl beneath the wheel;
Than o'er her captive thousands Fashion rides,
Than sink those slaves, with Pharaoh, in the
tides.

Yet have we Judges, Gothic as our Bards,
These by rude numbers, those by false awards,
§ Who scoff at Taste, who deem discretion cold,
Applaud the Muse extravagantly bold;
From beauteous order turn unmoved away,
And call for grand Chaotic disarray.

If, as in elder time the Critic taught,
'Tis Perspicuity lends grace to thought;
As Beauty's medium, the pellucid air
Makes all the charms of Nature's face more fair;
Shows the grey distant tower, the darkening tree,
And sheds distinctness o'er variety;

Be freed from vague obscurity's offence,
And pour forgotten sunshine on thy sense.

We must now bring our strictures to
a close, which we will do by transcribing
an address to the author of the Baviad
and Mæviad, whose admirable work, as
well as the Dunciad, Childe Harold's
Monitor has evidently made his model,
though we cannot agree with him that
his subjects warranted similar severity.
He however seems convinced of the re-
verse, for he thus beseeches the aid of
the living master of potent satire, and
terrible corrector of false taste:

Can he, who peopled with the blockhead throng
That stern creation of satiric song;
Can he, who put the rabble-ron to flight,
(Like Uriel, following in the Archangel's light)
That long-ear'd rout, the Della-Cruscan host,
Can he look tamely at the fools, who boast
A kindred vigour to his favourite few,
And call an ancient school their affectation new?
Call homely talk *true nature*, and pretend
Milton their guide, while Withers is their friend!
Could he endure one laurel leaf to crown
So bald a head, were laurels now renowned?
—Persius is his, and Juvenal arrays
His honoured temples in a living blaze:
His the firm song where Genius feels her scope,
And England glories in a second Pope.

§ These are elsewhere attacked:
Meanwhile, possessors of a cheap renown,
The short-lived insects buzz about the town!
None hate the rhymesters who no envy raise,
And brother annuals change receipts of praise,
Barter secure of Folly's circling ore!
Which he who pays is wealthy as before!
Tho' light as tin, tho' stamped with bare-faced
brass,
In Vanity's Exchange 'tis sure to pass.

Oh! rise, in all thy strength, thou classic bard,
And deal with justice thy divine award!
Enter Fame's temple, and with scorn survey,
And drive the money-changing crowd away.

The allusion is more apposite than reverential; but the author, we believe, meant no offence; and amid all his blots, there is much in his clever poem which may be read with pleasure and cogitated upon to advantage.

An Essay upon the Source of Positive Pleasure. By J. W. Polidori, M.D. London 1818. pp. 63.

Our attention has been called to this work by a distant Correspondent, and we thank him for it, as we cannot but consider it eminently deserving of animadversion. The philosophical principle maintained in it is thus stated at page 18.

From the consideration of facts—from examining myself and others attentively—I have persuaded myself that the sensation called Pleasure, in a positive sense, is only excited by allowing the mere imagination to act, and vest the past with shades it had not, and the future with colours it never will have.

This proposition being stripped of its verbiage is simply this, "Positive Pleasure is imaginary," and, so stated, our readers need not be told that it is positive nonsense. But if this be undeniable, as we think it is, what shall we say to the deductions of Dr. Polidori? He contends, that Eastern voluptuaries, who surrender themselves entirely to the gratification of their animal wants and to the wanderings of their imagination, enjoying undisturbed the bliss of idleness, indulging in the company of the harem, smoking segars, or chewing opium, have reached the ne plus ultra of mundane felicity. By pursuing similar means to similar ends, all nations become thus perfectly happy, and sink before others, who, in the language of entomology, may be said to be only in the larva or devouring state, hastening onward to the imago of listless and imaginative luxury. In this way the Venetians and Dutch have run the same career as the Arabs and Romans, and, indeed, except the United States, all countries seem to have arrived at this knowledge of true blessedness, only disturbed when they display an apparent eagerness to realize their imaginations. Such being the case according to Dr. Polidori, it may amuse our compatriots to be informed in what condition they are in this interesting respect. The learned Doctor describes it as follows:

Could then Providence refuse this happy

state to England? No; he has granted to this country ministers who have arrived at the true knowledge of the nature of Pleasure, and who are so generous that they will, for the benefit of their native soil, sacrifice their own and their country's honour—ruin, to enrich themselves, the very commerce that enriches a nation, and who are moreover so prudent, that England's destinies may be safely left in their hands; for they are forming the army in the school of despotism, that all resistance may be ineffectual,—are educating the poor in masses, that corruption may spread amongst them, and that even the lower orders may learn that true happiness consists in giving way to those animal wants into which they are initiated by their pedagogues, and in planning future prospects that can never be realized, &c. &c.

Ah, Dr. Polidori, though thy name have a foreign sound, thy temper is genuine John Bull, and were such flippancy not unworthy of a philosophical treatise, we should applaud thee as an able grumbler. Only do not blame ministers for promoting the system of general education. You may find that the more a man learns, the more prone he is to shew himself a sensualist and a visionary; a selfish being, contented with himself and discontented with all besides; but we beg utterly to deny the paradox, that tyrants and their ministers commence their plans of universal despotism by enlightening the minds of the mass of the people! We will grant you

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise;

and have no doubt but that if you were not so amply prepared by education to be one of the slaves which you say education makes, you might be much happier than you are; but for us, we laud the time we were taught to read and write, and fear no chains in consequence thereof.

Having offered a few hints on this singular pamphlet, we now turn to the letter of our correspondent, who in canvassing the tendency of the writer's doctrine, takes a graver view of it than we have done, and by his intelligent remarks relieves us from the task of pursuing the subject any further.

This, he truly says, is a singular production, which, soaring far into the regions of fiction, sets the rules of criticism at defiance as relating to works of imagination, and must be judged solely by the effect, good or evil, which might result from the adoption of the theory here propounded for the attainment of felicity. The treatise contains many original observations, is enriched by considerable research, and, although disfigured by many discrepancies, and not free from vulgarisms and mean expressions, is respectable as a composition.

In the division of his subject the author is most unfortunate, and, aiming at effect, he sacrifices all consistency: even the very inquiry proposed is not satisfactorily or clearly answered to his own conviction; and after sundry plungings in the depths of metaphysical distinction, he ends his inquiry more puzzled than when he began, and instead of informing others, seems to be lost in the illusions of his own false conception, whatever definite ideas and conclusions he had originally formed.

In this essay, as may be shewn by quotations, dangerous and even criminal opinions are broached, subversive, as far as they extend, of all the better feelings of humanity; which, under pretence of consoling us for the want of what we have not, or have ceased to possess, would lead us to a state of insensibility to all that now endears this world to our finite faculties, and prostrate us far below brutes in the scale of enjoyment and felicity. When we find a writer gravely reprehending, as a consequence of his theory, the unreasonableness of our feelings, in continuing to derive pleasure in the society of a wife, gratification from the endearments of our children, or pride and self-complacency arising from the recollection of wealth or power benevolently and properly employed, we cannot be surprised at any absurdity into which such a theory may lead him. The following will serve as a specimen of the author's style and reasoning upon this subject.

"After the lover's passion is over, esteem may take its place, and happy if no worse; but what positive pleasure does that afford? Were we not as well when alone? We had then no cause to fear that our secrets would be betrayed; we had then no inmates who tormented us by their pettishness, or fretted us with their caprices; and what can we expect more from a wife, than that she should not abuse the confidence we place in her, or shew ill temper and caprice? For, as for those imaginations enjoyed by the bachelor, of obtaining a companion to sympathize alike with our pleasures and pains, soften our harshness and enliven our melancholy; to sit by us in sickness as a ministering angel, breathing those soothing accents on which we hang entranced, till pain is almost softened into pleasure;—these are but visions:—for the number of her follies is so great, her caprices so various, that from reason as well as experience, we might argue in this case, as well [as] every other, that happiness is not a reality but a vision."
(*Poor Dr. P.!!!*)

This quotation elucidates the mischievous opinions contained in this treatise more powerfully than any censures; for where is the wretch so dead to all that is elevating, to all that is ennobling in the mind of man, as to possess a single chord in unison with such detestable anti-social and unnatural doctrines? Nor is his inconsistency less glaring upon this subject, for after having deduced the only source of true pleasure from the delight afforded by an imagination abstracted and removed from vulgar realities, he gravely informs us that

what we falsely term pleasure is merely an avoidance of pain. But the manner in which this discovery is conveyed to us enhances its merit, and it would not be just towards the great discoverer unless he were allowed to explain his own discovery.

"Eating is one of those animal gratifications most commonly sought for by epicures; yet on what does this depend, but upon the want of materials to supply the losses by the constant friction of our living machine? This want is intimated to us by the pain called hunger, which is so violent that it causes any pain to appear trifling, so that it may be gratified. It is not because there is a positive pleasure in the taste, that we sit down to our meals; but because we either have that pain upon us, or that we know by experience that it will come on if we do not take a proper nutriment. . . . Another effect which causes many to take to this gratification in search of Pleasure, is its power of stupifying, which, as it approaches that state just before sleep, allows phantastic forms to dance, undisturbed by reason, before our heavy eyes. But even under all these effects, the great gratification sought is the taking away pain."—

(Poor Dr. P.! see say again.)

But this essay, although it contains many tenets dangerous to the well-being of society, is not of a nature to become popular, unless the existing state of things were to give way to those ideal abstractions of perfection which we are told it is the inevitable tendency of pure reason, unfettered by religion, or unrestrained by moral obligation, to accomplish. The author is not aware of the existence of what without torture of language may be termed susceptibility of feeling, or spontaneous emotion, which in the breast of a warm-hearted being always precedes reflection, and, though not always strictly consonant with worldly prudence, is more honourable to the heart, more productive of pleasurable emotions for the present, and retrospection for the past, than the utmost success proceeding from caution, which precludes and is inconsistent with any other feeling than one of intense selfishness.

The greater part of these pages are devoted to exhortations to abstraction from realities, as the only possible pleasure worth enjoying in this life; and to this end the Doctor believes arbitrary and despotic governments favourable, inasmuch as men's minds being less occupied by topics of general interest, are attuned to this state of mental sensuality and enervation.

But it is time to wind up this review, which we have had no positive pleasure in perusing Dr. Polidori's Essay to arrive at. To us he has failed altogether in the conclusion to which he expresses a hope he has brought his readers, in these words:

I have traced the way to lead you in the right road in the search of pleasure; and that by destroying the illusion of positive pleasure; I have put a guiding thread

into the hands of some, by pursuing which, they will find that pleasure, depending entirely upon the imagination, depends upon ourselves, and cannot be shut out by the doors of a dungeon, or lost under the immense vault of heaven. I hope, also, that I may induce some to be content with seeking for happiness merely in giving way to their imaginations, and never attempting to grasp those pleasures which will prove but phantoms, brilliant indeed to the eye, but unsubstantial, and sinking into airy nothing at the touch.

Poor Dr. P.! we repeat for the third and last time. With too much fancy for a philosopher, too little fineness of intellect for a metaphysician, too limited a perception of the sublime pleasures of nature and of religion for the enjoyment of true happiness; he has floundered through a treatise on a subject above his capacity and comprehension, and, after displaying his acquirements, lost himself in the end at the very point in the labyrinth of error whence he set out.

The History and Antiquities of the See and Cathedral Church of Winchester; illustrated with a series of Engravings, &c. including Biographical Anecdotes, &c. By John Britton, F.S.A. London 1817. 4to. pp. 140.

To few men is the British public more indebted for embalming in the amber of literature the antiquarian and architectural remains which adorn our island; for diligent and acute research into what is curious and interesting of former ages; and for the elucidation of subjects connected with the arts and history of Great Britain, than to the author of this work. Among his numerous publications, it is praise enough to say, that there is not one of superior merit to the present, either in the letter-press or in the execution of the plates. Winchester itself is a theme of more than common attraction, and is so intimately connected with remarkable events, as to offer an ample fund for entertaining information even in ordinary hands,—in those of our experienced observer it is unusually rich and pleasing.

For us, however, to pursue the legends in which the early annals of this, as well as of every other church, are involved, could be neither profitable nor amusing to our readers; suffice it to say, that Winchester produced its fair proportion of saints, martyrs, ambitious priests, and learned men. From Birinus, its first Anglo-Saxon Bishop, in the year 635, to the Reverend Father in God Brownlow North, its present venerable possessor, it boasted many distinguished individuals under its mitre. Of these, St.

Swithin, anno 838, William Wykeham, anno 1367, and his successors Cardinal Beaufort and William Wainflete, Langton, Fox, Wolsey, Gardiner, and Hoadley, are well known to English history and literature.

Mr. Britton seems to have taken great pains to ascertain the precise periods at which the different parts of this Cathedral were built, and, as throwing a light upon the architecture of our ancestors, the critical acumen he has evinced in this respect, aided by the ingenious Mr. Garbett, is highly to be valued. The chief results are, that the earliest erected parts of the edifice now standing, are the Crypts under the presbytery and aisles, also under De Lucy's work, and some portion of the Chapter House, Transepts, and Tower: these he refers to the age of William I. near the close of the eleventh century. The stalls of the choir, west front, and some windows on the north and south, are of the time of Edward III., and the nave and aisles only a few years later. Other parts were constructed at perhaps a dozen of different eras, from 1079 to 1627.

Without going into the original or fabulous accounts of the foundation of this see, we may notice two or three circumstances connected with its history when there appears to be a probability that the kings and prelates named really had an existence, that is, after the Saxon times. About 648 the church was built and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. The diocese was soon after divided into two portions, of which Dorchester had the northern part of Wessex, and Winchester the southern. King Egbert, the first king of all South Britain, was crowned at Winchester, and in 854-5 Ethelwolf executed his famous deed or charter for the general establishment of tithes at the same place. The Cathedral was fortified during the reign of his successor Ethelbald, and was famous for its resistance to the Danish invaders. The great Alfred was buried here 900-1. The councils for settling the Church were held at Winchester under the new Norman dynasty 1070-6; and many canons promulgated hostile to the Saxon clergy. In 1125 several persons were summoned from different parts of the realm to assemble at Winchester to answer certain charges for debasing the current coin; and all were convicted, and sentenced to lose their right hands. A standard yard measure was settled by the King at this time, and deposited, with other standards of weight and measure, in this city. Among these was the famed Winchester bushel. Bishop Henry de Blois, King

Stephen's brother, had almost succeeded in procuring Winchester to be made an Archbishopric, with Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, Chichester, Hereford, Worcester, and a new See of Hyde Abbey attached to it; but his project ultimately failed, and the city and church suffered so much from the civil and clerical wars of this period, that they never recovered their ancient splendor.

The biographical anecdotes of the Bishops contain a good deal of interesting matter, which relieves the drier inquiries and the technical descriptions.

To the thirty engravings with which this volume is adorned, we do not feel competent to do justice in language. They are most admirably executed, and were a convulsion of nature to sweep the grand and solemn Cathedral into ruin to-morrow, a perfect idea of it would be preserved in these exquisite plates. The same artists whose talents we have before had reason to praise, are conspicuous here. Mr. J. Le Keux and Mr. R. Sands delight us; the former has a vigour and decision, and the latter a softness and beauty about his graver, that we cannot extol as they deserve. Mr. E. Turrell displays great grace, and Messrs. Radclyffe and Edwards have given some interiors in a masterly style. The drawings are mostly by Mr. Edward Blore; and indeed the author has availed himself throughout of the assistance of the ablest coadjutors, whose performances are not only honourable to his work, but to themselves and their country.

There are two good and distinct views of the Font, which has been called the Crux Antiquariorum, or the puzzle of antiquaries. Its age, and the purport of its rude sculpture, are involved in obscurity. Mr. Britton thinks it of Walkelyn's time, previous to 1100, when the font at East Meon was executed. It is not however easy to determine such a point, when either imitation of preceding pieces, or the inferior skill of a workman employed, might lay the foundation for an erroneous theory. Neither is the matter of infinite consequence.

We now take leave of a volume in which both the understanding and the eye may be fully gratified; and we trust that when the burthens of Copyright are taken off works of this valuable kind, they will not merely give fame, but fortune to their meritorious authors.

Lieut. Col. Johnson's Journey overland from India. 4to.
(Concluded.)

After entering the Russian territories, the Cossacks were all kindness to the

travellers; and the business of passports, &c. being arranged, they moved on through Georgia, at the capital of which, Teflis, they sojourned a few days, and were most hospitably entertained, both by General Koutouzoff and a rich Armenian merchant, simply on account of being British officers.

Georgia abounds in copper, and the manufactory of wares of this metal is greatly encouraged at Teflis. They were casting statues of it, and also small field-pieces, under the direction of an Italian artist. Colonel J. observed a breed of goats bearing a long silky fleece, and having nearly the same characteristics as the goats of Kernau, and probably those of Cashmere. The borders of these countries are a prey to Lesguays, Circassian freebooters, Tchetchensens, and other lawless and hardy tribes,* whose irruptions retard the improvement of this region; but it is anticipated that the strong and vigorous government of Russia will speedily adopt measures to reclaim these banditti, or put an end to their depredations. Wherever there is a military post, the soldiery are employed in useful public works, and their labours are daily productive of important advantages in this respect.

The roads over Caucasus are good. Throughout Georgia all persons go armed when they have occasion to quit their habitations. Young boys of eight or ten years of age carry bows and arrows, knives and swords, which they are thus early taught to use. When a few years older, they have pistols and muskets, and these weapons are carried even by persons at the plough. The mail from Teflis to Mosdok is escorted by a gun and guard of artillery.

One of the principal obstacles to the civilization of the neighbouring tribes, is the persuasion that they are never free from the plague. This cuts off all intercourse, and exposed the travellers to a very rigorous and unpleasant quarantine on their route to Mosdok, from which they were only released by the interference of the illustrious Platoff, to whom they managed to transmit a representation of their wretched plight. We are sorry we have not room to extract the very extraordinary account of this inflection, preparatory to the description of their reception by the brave and liberal Hetman. It was like a purgatory previous

to admission to paradise. (See page 284 et seq.)

Released, as we have stated, by the kindness of Platoff, and invited to his residence, they performed a rapid journey to the new Capital of the Don Cossacks, of which, and of their hospitable entertainment, we copy the interesting description:

The first aspect of Nova Tsherkask is extremely pleasing, as beheld from the top of a height where it appears to cover the whole sloping surface of another considerable eminence, and looks like a vast number of little detached villas, or ornamented cottages built in lines at right angles, with spaces for squares, and other openings among them. The churches, of which there are several, are all in open areas or squares, and the houses are built fronting toward them, which seems an excellent arrangement, and worthy of being adopted in other towns. The whole of this capital is nearly new, and looks clean and regular.

At the entrance, there is now in progress, but as yet unfinished, a kind of triumphal arch of considerable height, with columns, ornamented with pediments, on which statues are to be placed. They are erecting this in honour of the Emperor Alexander, who is expected here, and to whom, as I am informed, the Cossacks, as well as all the inhabitants, are enthusiastically attached.

July 31st.—On our arrival at the town we were taken to an exceedingly good house of two stories, in a large square, and three of the best rooms in their furnished state were given up for our accommodation, the family there resident retiring to the other side of the house. Here we were soon visited by Count Platoff's Secretary, who, by his desire, acquainted us that he regretted that his country house was too small to admit of his receiving us there, particularly as he had given up a part of it to Mr. Strachey, who had arrived in ill health a few days before us; but he begged that we would allow him to send us wine, bread, game, and whatever provisions we wanted. These he afterwards supplied to us most abundantly, and the people of the house dressed our victuals. The Count also ordered a guard of a non-commissioned officer and six men to mount guard at our place of abode, to carry letters for us, and to attend to all our wishes. We thus found ourselves most comfortably settled, and attended upon nearly free of all expense.

Count Platoff was at this time in a very infirm state of health, and extremely weak, yet his time was entirely devoted to public affairs, to which he is in the habit of attending principally at night, snatching a few moments of slumber when nature requires it; but he is no sooner awake again than his officers return to him to receive orders, and resume the transaction of business.

At his country house reside three English ladies, one of them a *protégée* of his, and the others her two friends: there is

* Against these there is a chain of Cossack sentinels, posted in wicker baskets at the top of four long poles, which affords them a command of the country, which they descend and alarm on the approach of danger.

also a Mr. Wood, whose principal business, I believe, is to attend to the Count's stud of brood horses, which, I am informed, are well worth seeing. He is also a companion to the ladies. As the Count is fond of the English, and shows them every possible attention, he will probably have many to settle here at no very distant period. A watch-maker, who speaks English well, is now established at Novo Tsherkask. There are many shops for all articles of cloth, iron and tin-ware, cutlery, earthen-ware, furs, &c. The market which they occupy is covered over, after the manner of the Persian bazars. Its roof at present is merely of wood, but no doubt, as the population augments, it will be permanently constructed of stone.

Here, as at many other Cossack towns and villages, there is evidently a greater proportion of women and children than of men, which may be accounted for by the absence of the latter as soldiers, and also by the losses which the Don Cossacks sustained in the late glorious struggle against the French. It must be observed, that every Cossack, whether shopkeeper or artisan, is a military man, and that no proportion of the male population was exempted from attending the first of all military duties on that dreadful but honourable occasion.

The profession of arms being thus general, is the reason also that a greater proportion of the oldest men are left at home; and this class alone accumulates; consequently they have now as many generals and colonels as subalterns. Within the town there are twenty general officers.

The men and women all dress in long upper garments; the men wear a thick woollen great-coat or cloak, with a little cap; the women have a dress somewhat resembling a night-gown, opening down in front, under which appear a pair of loose drawers. The upper garment is made either of silk, damask, satin, or coloured cotton. On their heads they wear a knitted cap, of the same form as a night-cap, having two stripes, or being otherwise ornamented with coloured figures on the top. This is secured to the head by a coloured handkerchief bound tight round the forehead, the long corners being left to fall down the back. All young women, who have not been married, wear their hair plaited down the back, in the manner of the Indians; but those who are or have been married, exhibit no such streamer; yet the handkerchief (perhaps purposely) is so attached that the corners hang low down behind, and thus an observer is left in uncertainty as to their youth and state in life, until he obtains a nearer inspection of the person.

All articles of subsistence are very cheap here, and of good quality, as bread, milk, meat, grain, and fish, which is very fine indeed. They prepare, but I believe in this place only, clouted cream, like that made in Devonshire and in Ireland, which is a favourable luxury. They have fruit also for sale, but in no great abundance or variety; as the town augments in the

course of time, a greater quantity of different sorts will probably be grown. The bread, which is in exceedingly large round and flat loaves, is very superior, and the wines of the Don, resembling champagne in flavour, are acknowledged to be good. Sugar, tea, coffee, and almost every other article of consumption in use among us, may be had here in plenty, and of good quality: in short, a traveller may at this place provide himself with a complete supply of all the various articles which he may require on his journey.

The features of the Don Cossacks are in general of the Chinese, or rather the Malay cast; the distinctive characteristics being small eyes and high cheek-bones. The women have little that is feminine in their appearance; and they are said to be ill-natured and shrewish in their tempers, always aiming to rule at home. They have all broad features, and are of a strong robust make; many of them are of a form decidedly masculine and large, not easily distinguished from men by a stranger, from their abominable custom of flattening the shape of their bosoms; and as they have no cincture round the waist, the loose wrapper or gown is incompatible with that tightness and neatness of appearance for which the females of our own country are so much admired. In this loose and ungainly attire, the Cossack women, with their broad coarse features, have a disagreeable masculine appearance. In short, their dresses and customs exhibit a grotesque mixture of Moorish and Russian.

August 1st.—At five in the evening one of Count Platoff's carriages and four, in which was his secretary, came to take us to his country seat to dine with him. This residence we found to be situated three miles distant, on the acclivity of a hill rising from the Uksye river, which now proves to be only another channel or back-water from the Don at Old Tsherkask. On our arrival we were introduced to the fine old Count, who expressed his utmost pleasure on seeing so many English at his house; and during a long conversation carried on in French, on our part, through the secretary, who interpreted to him in Russian, dwelt all the time on the very great honours and attention which he had received from the English while in England, and testified in strong terms his friendship for that nation. In the course of this interview liqueurs were brought, of two kinds, red and white, which were offered to us in small glasses, according to the universal custom in Russia, and were handed round to the rest of the company, consisting of general officers covered with stars and crosses of merit, old veterans with white hair and mustachios. We sat at this time in an open veranda which encompassed the Count's private apartments. Dinner being announced, we followed the Count to the octagon room in which it was served up. Of the party, besides Mr. Strachey, Captain Salter, and myself, there were two

general officers, the commandant of the garrison, the secretary, the two aides-de-camp, two other officers, the post-master, and another gentleman.

The Hetman seemed to take pleasure in copying the English, even in their custom of dining late in the evening, and in the mode in which the repast was served up. At the ends of the table there were soups, fish, and meat; and in the middle were made dishes, sweetmeats covered with coloured salads. Every thing was served in plate. The Count himself did the honours of his own table; first undergoing the fatigue of helping every one to soup, sometimes even in the silver plates, which were too hot to hold without pain. After the soups, the different dishes of meat, &c. were brought round to each guest, ready cut up after the Russian usage. After partaking of various things before us, the hospitable veteran remarked to me that I had the portrait of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent on my wine-glass, and that to his health I could not refuse to drink a little of the wine of the Don, which he assured me was wholesome, and would do me much more good than water. Although I had not for nearly twenty years been in the custom of taking any wine, I replied, that on this occasion I would do all in my power to obey his wishes, and filled my glass. Fortunately, the wine, which to my taste was delicious, was very light, and much resembled champagne in its sparkling effervescence. Having once begun, it was not possible for me to excuse myself, and I drank several glasses to different toasts, among which was one to the Emperor of Russia, from a glass that stood before the Count, which he handed to me, having His Majesty's portrait. His British Majesty's health I also joined in. Our own healths, individually, were also toasted, and those of the general officers and of all the company. We lastly proposed to drink the Count's health with long life to him, to which I added a hope that he would see the Cossack families who had lost their men in the cause of their country augmented to double the numbers they possessed before the war. After all, and on breaking up, the Count gave us one from himself, which was, "The whole of the British nation, his friends, and the sincere friends of Russia." We then retired to the veranda for the sake of the cool air. The small handsome octagon room in which we had dined stood separate from the wings of the residence, and was connected with them merely by covered alleys of grape-vines. The private apartments formed one very extensive wing to the right; that on the left contained probably apartments for the officers of his staff, with subordinate rooms and out-offices. On the brow of a hill on our right, as we went to dine, I observed a temple apparently of an octagonal form, the road to which was through a vineyard. The buildings composing the mansion enclose an area within which the carriage turned, and drew up at the central part of the house. The front of the oblong quadrangle is

bounded by a railing, and the entrance is by a large pair of folding gates.

There was a tea-equipage placed in the back veranda in which we sat, and tea and coffee were made for us, which we took after the English manner, and were much gratified to find ourselves once more in the society of our countrywomen. The commandant of the garrison, and the general officers also, took tea, but with spirits instead of cream, and this mixture they called, out of complaisance, *grog*. They however soon retired.

We rejoice to learn that the conduct of the English companions of the Hetman has been most praiseworthy in every respect. Among all his brilliant and valuable presents from crowned heads, Platoff set the greatest value on the Prince Regent's medallion picture. To His Royal Highness he sent a sample of the wines of the Don, from his own vineyard; and expressed how happy he should be, if they were approved, in sending some to Lord James Murray, the Duke of Northumberland, and others of his esteemed English friends. To Mr. Strachey, and to our travellers, he severally presented carriages for their journey, and indeed his hospitable attentions were unbounded. They staid over a festival, and had an opportunity of witnessing the rejoicings of all ranks, to which the only drawback that we observe stated, is in three emphatic words, "Slavery exists here!" A servant girl of seventeen is sold for about fifteen pounds.

The rest of this entertaining volume presents strong claims to our continuing our remarks upon it, but having now four times laid it under contribution, we must refer our readers to the work itself for further information, and conclude with two short extracts (one relating to Platoff, and another to Prince Repnin and his reception of Colonel Johnson) which cannot fail to be extremely gratifying to the British nation.

While we were engaged in taking leave of the Count, and of the officers and other individuals of his family, he had, as we afterwards found, given private directions for storing our carriage with provisions, wine, game, and even fruit packed in large wide-mouthed bottles. He had likewise ordered that a non-commissioned officer should precede us in a kibitka to prepare post-horses, and that a guard of mounted Cossacks should accompany our carriage to the confines of the district of the Don. It was not until he was satisfied that all these arrangements had been made, and that all was ready for our security and accommodation, that he allowed us to depart. The frank, open, and unrestrained hospitality of this veteran warrior could not fail to inspire us with the warmest feelings of respect. We had come

upon him, as it were, without formal introduction, and with no other claim to his notice than that of our being British officers, and we were received on the footing of friends who had been long acquainted. That qualification of being British officers alone seemed a sufficient passport to his regard; and he appeared happy in having an opportunity to testify his sincere friendship for a nation which had greeted him with so many expressions of esteem and admiration. The reception accorded to him and to his brothers in arms, on their visit to England, has been censured by some as having been too ostentatious and unnecessarily expensive; but this narrow view of the matter will surely be abandoned, when it is known with what kindly feelings the compliment has been remembered. It was very easy to see that Count Platoff really delighted to speak of England; and that his encomiums were not the mere dictates of courtesy, but flowed spontaneously from the heart. That national hospitality cannot be condemned as either prodigal or ill-judged, which produced these happy results, however unlooked for, in countries where we had scarcely been known, even by name. If it tended to make foreigners better acquainted with the British character, it increased their friendship for us, and produced an impression on the continental nations more permanently favourable than any act of mere policy could have done.

At Poultawa—

The Prince (Repin) also assured us that it would give His Majesty and His Highness satisfaction to see us present at this grand spectacle. These honours, however gratifying they might be to our feelings as English officers, we could not, of course, stay to receive; but we had an ample earnest of the condescension of the Emperor and the Grand Duke, their polite assurances and invitation of Prince Repnin. We may here again remark the good effects of the courteous reception accorded by our rulers, and indeed by the nation at large, to those august strangers on their visit to London, the remembrance of which will no doubt be cherished by the Russians for years to come. It has tended to multiply acts of reciprocal good will, and to enlarge that friendly intercourse between two independent nations, which must tend to give permanence to that good understanding between them, which, from the present distance of the Russian boundaries from our own, may be expected.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SECRET LETTERS.

(Supposed to be written by Madame Bertrand.)

[Translation.]

LETTER IV.

St. Helena, — August 1816.

I am still alive, my dearest Caroline! we are all of us alive, and that's saying a great

deal—We who so often declared we could not endure *exilium* for a single hour, have now lingered out three quarters of a year without receiving any accounts from Europe, except such as we can collect from the public Journals. We know very well what reliance may be placed on newspapers: they have been our tools long enough for that. One of the German Commissioners wished the other day to persuade us that the German Journals were absolute Magazines of Truth; but his colleague frankly avowed that the Liberty of the Press, at least in the State which he served, was merely a wished-for blessing, and was likely to remain so. It is much boasted of, and acknowledged to be the palladium of popular freedom: "But yet," says the Commissioner, "I would not advise any public writer to insert what might be displeasing to individuals in power."

Napoleon laughs at this, and observes, that the restrictions which he imposed on the Press were far more supportable than those to which it is subjected in Germany; for in evils of every kind, certainty is preferable to constant apprehension. In France every one knew what he might either say or write. In Germany, on the contrary, Princes and Ministers affect to give unlimited scope to freedom of opinion; but woe to the simpleton who may trust to their professions of toleration. There is nothing more amusing than to read the censor-edicts of some of the German Princes, who assert, with the utmost condescension and gravity, that, with the exception of what is contrary to religion, the government, and decorum, every thing may be freely published; but when it comes to the point to make an application of these Edicts, the most unjust, arbitrary conduct is adopted; and what is to be understood by Religion, the Government, and Decorum, is left entirely to the decision of the Censor, who enjoys the privilege of settling the affair as may best suit his own convenience.

Forgive me, my dear Caroline, for having thus long dwelt on a subject which I know affords you very little interest. If I were in Paris, be assured I should never concern myself about politics. But here, among these dismal rocks, a thousand reflections arise, which in the bustle of the gay world would never enter my flighty imagination. But allow me for one moment to return to the Journals:—The English papers have indeed the reputation of speaking freely; but then they are full of contradictions, for every Editor is connected with some party or other. In short, I must confess I loath the very sight of a newspaper.

I often wonder how the Greeks and Romans contrived to satisfy their curiosity respecting political events. News must doubtless have been circulated either through the medium of public Journals or messengers. I can imagine how the people in Rome or Athens must have thronged to the Market-place, whenever they received notice of the arrival of a messenger from the army; how anxiously they must have

gathered round him, and overwhelmed him with inquiries. But probably these messengers durst not state more than the Military Commander or the Magistrate thought fit to allow them;—for then as well as now it was judged prudent to keep the people as much in the dark as possible.

We are all invited to the Governor's to-day. His Excellency gives a grand state dinner in honour of some branch of the numerous Royal Family of England. To say the truth, I would much rather be exempt from such invitations, for our French cook is the only person in St. Helena who can prepare a dinner to suit my taste. As to any great variety of dishes, that is entirely out of the question. Beef is tolerably good; but we are frequently obliged to content ourselves with salt-meat, of which the East India Company have a magazine here. Poultry is exceedingly scarce and expensive, and vegetables of every description are dear, because the country people have agreed among themselves, rather to let them spoil than sell them below a certain price. The pork is excellent, at least such as is purchased from the wealthy farmers, who occasionally feed their pigs on peaches; but the poorer people, on the contrary, suffer them to feed on the heads and entrails of bad fish, which gives the pork a very unpleasant flavour. Yams and potatoes are both good and abundant; the latter is made use of instead of bread. There is a kind of plant, with a Latin name, which is cultivated as food for the Slaves. The swarms of rats with which the whole Island is infested, render the cultivation of corn impracticable; but sometimes three crops of potatoes are gathered in course of the year. The fruit is delicious. We have oranges, lemons, figs, grapes, bananas, peaches, pomegranates, melons, water-melons, and pumpkins, all in the greatest abundance. Apples are likewise exceedingly plentiful; and I have been informed, that the annual produce of a single apple-garden has been valued at about 500*l.* sterling. Cherries and pears do not thrive here, and even gooseberries are very scarce. On the Governor's table we usually see mangos, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, and strawberries, and he is sometimes so polite as to send a basket full of these rare fruits as a present to the Emperor.

I have now mentioned all our luxuries in the way of eating, and I only wish our intellectual food were half as various; but the charms of social conversation are confined solely within our own circle. As to the Commissioners we look upon them as mere spies; besides, not one of them is blessed with any remarkable talent for conversation. The Governor, as I told you before, is stiff and formal, and yet he is a well-bred gentleman, after his own fashion.

There is an English officer, Mr. —, with whose frankness and candour, though closely bordering on rudeness, the Emperor is vastly pleased. Napoleon would not have suffered the greatest man in Europe to tell him the truths which Mr. — presumes to utter in his presence. But this

Englishman is such a good-humoured old man, and every thing he says bears the stamp of so much sincerity, that it is impossible to be displeased with him. He sometimes abuses all the Powers in Europe, England not excepted; and then his opinions so perfectly coincide with those of Napoleon, that the latter once exclaimed, after Mr. — had taken his leave, "Oh! had I possessed such a friend in France!"—

'Sire,' answered I, 'in France you would not have such a friend.'

He looked at me, as I thought, with some degree of displeasure. This was the first reproach that my lips ever uttered to him. But I felt much offended by his observation, for where can he find a more sincere friend than my husband? And yet I would not advise even Bertrand to address him with as much candour as Mr. — does.

(To be continued.)

PERSIAN AND DIPLOMATIC ASTRONOMY!!!
RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO PERSIA.

Another Extract from the *Journal of Captain Lieutenant Moritz Von Kotzebue.* (See *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 59 and 69.)

Mirza Awdul Wehab, the second Minister of the Schach, invited us the following day to dinner, but which, on account of the Fast of Ramazan, could not take place before eight o'clock in the evening. At an early hour he sent the Ambassador a valuable present of Schiras wine, which something resembles Port, but is lighter, and has a very peculiar, agreeable and aromatic taste. The Minister had the politeness to borrow for us chairs, and knives and forks, that the ambassador might not be under the disagreeable necessity of eating with his fingers. The tables were very prettily laid out, and not as in the Persian fashion, hundreds of dishes piled upon each other, but the dishes were carried about, which was again another mark of politeness in him. After we had seated ourselves, nothing was touched till the voice of the Mollah was heard without; upon this a box was given to the Minister, from which he took a little opium, which the Persians use instead of a dram. The various dishes, sweet and sour alternately, did not indeed please our taste; no more did the bread, which is a cake of flour baked in the sun: however, the wine was very good, and that of Ispahan much resembles Madeira. After dinner we went to another tent, where coffee, without sugar, and tobacco pipes, which are a very important article in Persia, were presented to us.

The Ambassador had the kindness to give me the undeserved name of Astronomer, upon which the Minister invited me to come to him on the following day, as he was himself a great lover of the mathematics and astronomy. The next day accordingly, M. Nigri, the Counsellor of Legation, had the kindness to accompany me, as the usual interpreters would not have been able to translate such things. Knowing that the Persians are very fond of astrology, I thought I ought to give some

astrological turn to the arrival of our Embassy. It occurred to me that Jupiter stood now in the sign of the Scorpion; and I therefore first of all declared to the Minister, that this planet represented Russia in extent and splendour, and that Asia was generally represented in Europe under the sign of the Scorpion; and as these were just now in conjunction, there was not the least doubt but that the friendship of these two nations was determined in heaven, and therefore agreeable to God. The Minister agreed to what I said, and affirmed that the Persian astronomers had also found that the Russian Embassy had arrived under the most favourable signs.

A corpulent Persian, who was the only one present during our conversation, sat at the side of the Minister, and held a great book before him, the leaves of which he constantly turned over, and leered from time to time angrily at me under his great black eye-brows. The Minister recommended him to us as a great mathematician, but I believe that he was an Astrologer who was to examine me. He turned over the leaves with still more violence, and whispered something to the Minister; upon which the latter asked me, whence eclipses proceeded? I rose and walked round the corpulent Astrologer, who looked angry and uneasy, and at first could not conceive what I would have of him. But he was still more frightened when I stooped down behind him, and asked the Minister whether he could see me? The Astrologer was corpulent enough to cover me entirely, and the Minister therefore could not but say, No. Upon this I got up, and asked the Astrologer's pardon for having made him act the part of our Earth; but to the Minister I said, that he represented in this moment the Sun, I the Moon, and the whole process, from which the Astrologer could not yet recover himself, an eclipse of the Moon. Hereupon I went between the Minister and the Earth, and said to him, that the Astrologer had now no more the happiness of seeing the Sun, and consequently an eclipse of the Sun was now taking place on the Earth; but I could not represent a total eclipse, because the Astrologer was a little too corpulent. The Sun laughed, and the Earth murmured. Thus it is impossible to please every body.

After the two gentlemen had played such flattering parts, they became proud, and affirmed that every thing seen in the heavens was only a meteor, because Jupiter, Saturn, and Venus, were the only stars which they recognized as bodies, and these, they said, were far more happy than our Earth, as they were much nearer the Sun than we, and were therefore much warmer. "With respect to Venus," said I, "you are right, she is much nearer to the Sun than we are, or else we could not see her pass over the Sun once every hundred years; but with respect to Jupiter and Saturn, they are much further from the Sun than we are, and can therefore never be seen between the Sun and us."

The Astrologer, who was already afraid

that I might begin again the ceremony of an eclipse, agreed to every thing, and then opened in his book a large leaf, on which was painted a great he-goat with hieroglyphics: after he had looked at it several times with a pleased countenance, he asked me very seriously, what was, according to our opinion, behind the stars?—I told him that our astronomers were not agreed; but most probably behind the last stars which we could discover, there were other stars without end, and “if there were an end, this end was joined to a beginning, which however was without an end.”

Here the goat fell out of his hand; he laughed with an air of triumph and wisdom, and observed, that such things were too difficult for the Europeans. He picked up his great book much pleased, and said smiling, still turning over the leaves, “We will now say no more on this subject!” Who could be more pleased than I, for “without beginning and without end” was, I am sure, more unintelligible to me than to him.

He laid his hand on a page which was full of dots, and a million of little devils seemed to be painted between them; he asked, “What is wind?” I began an explanation of the more subtle and denser strata of air, which being more or less warmed by the sun in different places, might be put into a kind of undulation, which would probably produce wind, which most likely arose only in our atmosphere, because farther off there was a thinner air which we called æther, and—“What nonsense you talk,” cried he aloud; “that is the way of the Europeans, they always puzzle themselves about causes and reasons, and thus lose sight of the subject itself.—Wind, said he, is a substance which exists and acts in and for itself, and fills up all the space which is between all visible and invisible bodies; or else how could comets arise? These are the true purifiers of the world; they fly about and burn every thing which might lessen or destroy the power of the wind, for the wind is a beneficial gift of God!”

The last opinion in the hot climate of Persia, where without the wind all the inhabitants must perish, is very natural. In the meantime he had himself tumbled over the leaves of his book like the wind, and at last dwelt with pleasure upon a page upon which were painted a number of Globes, and at the top a hideous figure.—“What do you think of the motions of the bodies? Does the Sun stand still, or does it move?” “It stands still,” answered I. “There we have it! Do not you know the effects of the power of Nature, which is singular in its kind? Nature gives to every thing only one power, never two at once, otherwise she would be unjust, and that she cannot be; if this power has once acted, nothing is able to increase or lessen its action, and much less to add a second to it. If you suppose that the Earth turns round its axis, that is already one power; it cannot consequently turn at the same time round the Sun; but if you suppose

that the Sun revolves round the Earth, then the Earth does not turn round its axis.”—“In this manner,” said I, “Nature has given to the Earth the power of standing still!”—“Right, that is what we Persians affirm. You affirm the same of the Sun, and are wrong. Every thing is created for the pleasure of man and the Schach; we are with the Earth in the center, and look gratefully on.”

Upon this he shut his book, and said, “That these matters were of a sublime nature, and it was proper to spare the understanding for a future opportunity; meanwhile he would speak of things of less puzzling import, as, for example, of the Mathematics.” Now he shewed me how to measure distances beyond a river, how to measure the elevation of remote objects, &c. upon which the Minister said, that the Schach had once given him such a commission, which he executed wonderfully.

He seemed very much surprised on hearing that in Europe the little boys began Geometry with such operations. Upon this I began to demonstrate a trigonometrical problem, but this the Astrologer did not comprehend, and seemed in general to have no idea of Logarithms.

At the end I was obliged to relate to the admiring company various particulars of my voyage round the world,* of which two things seemed quite impossible to them; first, that I had been once their Antipode, and that there existed finer countries in the world than Persia!

The Minister thanked me for the agreeable conversation, ordered refreshments to be presented, begged that I would often visit him, and we parted from the corpulent Astrologer as good friends.

* Captain Moritz Von Kotzebue accompanied Captain Krusenstern in his voyage round the world.—Ed.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW THEORY RESPECTING THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH!!

Mr. Steinhauser, in Halle, has informed the world, through the medium of the Literary Gazette (of Halle,) that our Globe is a hollow ball, the interior of which perhaps contains a little Solar System. From a long series of observations on the variations of the Magnetic Needle, it seems to him to follow incontrovertibly, that at the depth of 170 (German, about 765 English) miles, a body revolves round the center of the earth, from West to East, but very slowly, as it takes 440 years to accomplish one revolution. This body is endowed with a very strong magnetic power, and is the cause of the variations of the Magnetic Needle. The calculations of M. Steinhauser, are stated to be perfectly consonant to experience; and he foretold, in 1805, that the Needle would first become stationary, and then, about the present time, return towards the East, which has in fact happened. Hitherto, navigators have merely

judged empirically, from the variation of the Needle, whether they have been driven by currents too far to the East or the West: but in future they will observe the position of the subterraneous body, called *Pluto*, and thereby determine their position with as much certainty as by the more rare celestial phenomena!

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

In hot climates the weather has a tendency to be more sultry and cloudy at the period of the Spring tides than in the Neaps. This circumstance should always be taken into account in the diary, as greatly influencing the changes of temperature.—*Lieut. Col. Johnson.*

Dr. Campbell, resident at Teheran, the capital of Persia, has seen *manna* or the *beed* tree, a species of willow; and this gentleman states, from actual observation, that the substance found on the shrub *gui-wun*, and so generally substituted for the real material, is *guezungabeen*, and not *manna*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PORTRAITS.

Whither are they vanished?
Into the air: and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath into the wind.—
Would they had staid!—*Macbeth.*

I dreamt—and o'er my enchanted vision play'd
Shapes of the elder time—(beautiful things
That men have died for—) As they stood on earth,
But more ethereal—and each forehead bore
The stamp and character of the starry skies.

First came that Roman Lady, from whose bosom
The Gracchi twins were born—gracious Cornelia—

Her raven hair was wreathed about her brow
Severe—yet fair and matron-like. How pure
Glanc'd her black eye intelligent! Like a queen
She trod: majestic as when Juno, throned
(Above the Deities) by the side of Jove,
Lends her proud smile celestial, while her Lord
Deals gifts or punishments to the worlds below.

Behind her followed an Athenian dame,
(The pale and elegant Aspasia)
Like some fair marble carved by Phidias' hand,
And “meant to imitate the nymph” or muse:—
Mistress of poetry and song was she,
And fit to be the bride of Pericles:
Shadow'd by myrtle boughs she seem'd, while
slowly
She floated like a spirit onwards.

Then
Came by a dark brow'd spirit,* on whose head
Laurel and withering roses loosely hung:
She held a harp, amongst whose chords her hand
Wandered for music—and it came: She sang
A song despairing, and the whispering winds
Seem'd envious of her melody, and streamed
Amidst the wires, to rival her—in vain:
Short was the strain, but sweet: Methought it
spoke
Of broken hearts—and still and moonlight seas—

* “Then came by a wandering angel,” &c.

Of love and loneliness—and fancy gone,
And hopes decay'd for ever:—and my ear
Caught well remember'd names—"Leucadia's
rock"

At times—and "faithless Phaon:"—Then the
form
Pass'd not, but seem'd to melt in air—away—
This was the Lesbian Sappho.

So—then passed
(Frequent and bright as Banquo's imaged line)
Another—and another—and another—without
names.

At last, came one whom none could ever miss
Amidst a million: Egypt's dark-eyed Queen:
The love—the spell—the bane of Anthony:—
Bright Cleopatra! who shall speak of thee?—
Encrowned, and like the Empress of a land
She moved, but light as Dian in her prime:
Radiant with costly gems, whose single price
Might buy a kingdom; yet how dim they shone
Beneath the magic of her eye, whose beam
Flashed love and languishment:—Of varying
humours

She seem'd—yet subtle in her wildest mood;
(As guile were to her passions ministrant:)
At last she sank as dead—A noxious worm
Fed on those blue and wandering veins, that laced
Her rising bosom—aye, did sleep upon
The pillow of Anthony—and left behind
(In dark requital for its banquet)—death.

I dreamt no more.—

W.

ANECDOTE AND EPIGRAM.

The celebrated painter Opie, and an atheistical friend,
were passing the Church (it is believed St. Giles's)
where the former was married to his first wife, and the
latter was baptized. A short dialogue ensued between
them, which has been turned into the following verse.

"I was married," said John, "in that very
same church,
But my wife proved a jade; I was left in the
lurch;

So the next thing I did as a matter of course,
Was to sue, and obtain from my rib a divorce."
'There christened was I,' said his sceptical friend;
'Indeed,' replied John, "but I fear to no
end;—

It appears now to me as a fair question, whether
They do their work well, since it won't hold to-
gether!" X. Y. Z.

TO ———

(Imitation of an old Poet.)

Sweet Lady! by that deep blue eye,
Behind whose fringed canopy
Love himself doth lie—
And from that throne of living light
Flings his dangerous arrows bright—
By that red and swelling lip
(With what a tremulous charm it glows!)
Whose spiced dew I long to sip,
Fresh and sweet as the bursting rose,
Or the half hidden violet,
When the morning Sun revisits it—
By that form, and by that face,
Where loveliness is mixed with grace,
And every beauty bath in turn its place—
Whose angel look (void of all sin)
Speaks of the angel mind within—
I swear I love thee truly. I
Have sworn—Now, what is my destiny?—W.

TAKING ORDERS.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

A Parson once—and poor was he
As ever Parson ought to be;

Yet not so proud—as some from College,
Who fancy they alone have knowledge,
Who only learn to dress and drink,
Presumptuous fools! and seem to think
That no real talent can be found
Except within their classic ground,
Yet prove that Cam's or Oxon's plains
Can't furnish empty skulls with brains!
Now for my tale.—Our Parson came,
And in Religion's honour'd name
Sought Cam's delightful classic borders
To be ordain'd for holy orders.

Chance led him to the Travellers' Inn,
Where living's cheap, and often whim
Enlivens many a weary soul
Drowning dull sorrow in the bowl!
He there a welcome greeting found
From one who travell'd England round.

"Sir, your obedient—quite alone?
I'm truly happy you are come,—
Pray, Sir, be seated—business dull,
Or else this room had now been full:
Orders and cash are strangers here,
And every thing looks devilish queer;
Bad times these, Sir, sad lack of wealth,
Must hope for better—Sir, your health!"
Then added—with the used grimace,
"Come to take orders in this place?"

'Yes, Sir, I am,' replied the Priest,
'With that intent I came at least.'—
"Ha, ha! I knew it: business men
Soon one another learn to ken,—
Have met before, and know you well,
Tho' where can't at this moment tell.
Ah! now I have it—head of mine!
You travel in the button line!"

'Begging your pardon, Sir, I fear
Some error has arisen here,
You have mista'en my trade divine;
But, Sir, the worldly loss is mine,
I travel in a much worse line!"

G.

THE BROKEN RUDDER.

A broken Rudder, drifted o'er,
Had found its place upon the sand,
From where the vessel, now no more,
Was wreck'd upon a foreign strand.

Fancy might rouse her busy train,
And paint the storm in horrid view;
Of the sad Widow's fate complain,
As well as mourn the hapless crew.

So oft is told this tale of woe,
So oft the danger of the seas;
That if the tears of pity flow,
They're scatter'd by the lightest breeze.

But who observes the broken state
Of what was once the vessel's guide,
Must think too on the wretched fate
To which humanity's allied.

Unseen, in all the pompous course
Of the proud galley's pros'p'rous sail,
Is the small helm that lends its force
In adverse or in friendly gale.

And mark too, in this Rudder's lot,
'That lies unown'd, unheeded by,
The fate of services forgot,
And wasted in their rich supply.

Here may we trace the fallen power
Of him who propp'd the tottering state,
Till in an unpropitious hour
He saw in frowns the Monarch's hate.

The broken warrior here we view,
With years, and wounds, and scars, alone,
Bereft of all for service due,
Tho' bright his day of glory shone.

Or, bent with years, the hoary sage
In penury may reach the tomb,
Whose precepts in life's early stage
Dispell'd the mists of error's gloom.

In every state of life we trace
Some broken relic in decay;
Tho' gifted once with every grace,
Now useless, scatter'd, thrown away. D.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A hundred smart in Timon and in Balam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax half a score.—Pope.

On introducing the HERMIT IN LONDON to the
public, we stated that these characteristic sketches
of manners were general, and inapplicable to in-
dividuals. We repeat this assurance, for which
we pledge the reputation of the *Literary Gazette*,
and most solemnly say, in answer to the many
strange communications we have received on the
subject, that it does not consist with the Editor's
knowledge that one of the fictitious names in any
of these essays can justly be fastened upon a real
person. At the same time it is impossible not to
observe that the better drawn the pictures are,
they are the more likely to be thought portraits.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

No. V.

TATTERSAL'S.

"I wish the Derby was at—" 'Why
so hasty, my dear Lord?' cried I, stop-
ping Lord Eaglemount as he swung out
of Tattersal's yard. "Ha! is it you?"
said, he: "you (with vast emphasis on
the word, and in a strain of *aigre-doux*)
are never out of temper. But to be
persuaded out of one's opinion—to act
against one's judgment, and then to be
done out of a large sum of money, is
enough, I think, (shrugging up his
shoulders, and fixing his eyes on a tall
thin young man near him) to make any
parson swear." 'I am truly sorry,' re-
plied I, 'for your Lordship's misfor-
tune; but how did it happen?'

"Oh! d—n sorrow," said he hastily,
"grieving, my dear Sir, is folly, and as
for pity, I hate the very name of it.
There is no such thing as genuine pity:
it is contempt that is so mis-called: just
as a fellow passes you by, if you are
thrown from your horse in hunting, with
'My good Sir, I am really sorry to see
you down! are you hurt? can I help

you?" and off he scampers, a broad grin on his countenance, or his tongue tucked in his cheek; or, as a bolder blackguard dismounts, comes up to you with his pawing and prancing steed hung by the bridle on his arm, bursts out a laughing, but helps you to rise, a rib stove in, or a collar-bone broken, and says, "My dear Sir, pardon my d—d nonsense; nature is so very perverse; I never could (stifling a roar, and red in the face with rude mirth) I never could, in all my life, help laughing at an accident; but are you really much hurt? my servant shall catch your horse for you; I am truly grieved at your misfortune;" and off he flies, comes up with some break-neck rider of a friend, with whom he enjoys the joke, and would just laugh in the same way at him in a similar situation, and then tells all the Melton men what a bad rider you are. Is this true sorrow? is this genuine pity? No, and be d—d to it: it is malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness; it is any thing but sympathy or Christian charity; it is (I believe, for I never trouble the Bible) the Pharisee and the Publican—the fellow who thanks his stars that he is not like that poor sinner."

"I did not know that your Lordship knew so much of holy writ," observed I, as I saw him get ease from thus venting his rage, and triumph in his happy quotation and in his great knowledge of the scripture. He now shook me by the hand, and parted with, "Thank you, my dear fellow, but never, d'ye see, pity me. I have been fooled out of my money, and that's all. Sam, give me my horse;" and off he cantered.

On a moment's reflection, I began to perceive that his Lordship was not altogether so wrong in his strictures on the human heart. How many who seem to pity—who wear grief upon their tongue for our misfortunes, bear triumph in their heart! How many are there, whose pity is a mockery—whose sympathy is an empty sound!

But I now turned my eyes to the tall thin young man. He was a Dandy—a complete Dandy; and, as every one in high life knows what a Dandy is, I shall not further describe him. He was counting a parcel of bank notes, and cramming them into a small morocco pocket book; the transparency of the notes discovered to me that they were fifties and hundreds, and the bundle seemed rather voluminous. His face was, naturally, the silliest I ever saw; yet it had a dash of low cunning in it. I saw him wink at an elderly Baronet who was standing in the crowd, and

keeping up the price of a friend's horses which were for sale;—and they exchanged a sly look which said, "We have properly done the Peer."

As I never was a turfman, and am only a spectator of what our Dandies and Ruffians do, I should never have got at the bottom of all this without the explanation which I obtained from Tom Maberly, an old college acquaintance, who was at Tattersal's selling off his hounds, and whom I perceived in a rear of laughter at Captain Lavender, an Exquisite of the Guards, not long emerged from Eton, dressed as if he came out of a bandbox, and storming like a madman at being saddled (as he termed it) with a lot of horses which he never meant to purchase, but which he was hoaxed into bidding for, and which were knocked down to him at an enormous price. Tom (here was pity again) modestly offered the Exquisite half what he had just paid for the horses; saying, Upon my soul, I am sorry for your being taken in; but it can't be helped; a man must pay for experience; and, if you will dabble on the turf, and with turfmen, you must be more on your guard.

I saw that Lord Eaglemount was not so much out in his bad opinion of the world. But let me explain these two transactions.

Tom told me that the young Ruffian (not the bruiser, but a gentleman) in conjunction with another honest friend (the Baronet) had practised what they technically termed a *throw over*. The one advised the Peer, motivated by superior information, to lay his money in opposition to his own judgment, and the latter was to go halves in the bet. The bet was lost to the tall thin young man, who was in reality a confederate of the other; the half seemingly lost by the Baronet was returned to him, and the two friends divided the spoil. "Is it possible that Gentlemen should practise such vile tricks?" exclaimed I; "Oh! yes," said Tom, "these things are common."

The case of Captain Lavender was as follows. Mr. Squander had, in three winters in London, got through a very fine property; he was overwhelmed with annuitants, book, bill and bond obligations; and it was very doubtful whether the sale of his estates would cover all his debts—the more particularly as he was to give a preference to his debts of honour (namely, the money which he owed at play, and some part of which he had been defrauded of by titled and fashionable gamblers) leaving the necessitous workman, the industrious

tradesman, and his unpaid servants, to do the best they could. Thus circumstanced, it was agreed that he should migrate to France, and make a rapid sale of his stud before the storm broke upon his head, and before a seizure of his horses and carriages took place. His friends agreed to attend the sale for him, and Tom Maberly was to give his aid; Mr. Squander prevailed upon young Lavender to keep up the prices of his horses, in which he was assisted by a buck Parson and the stud groom, who took good care not to buy in. The two green-horns considered it as understood that the horses were to be bought in at a certain price, and that the money, which they were nominally to give, was to be returned. But, when they found that they had actually bought these horses at prices so much above their value, and that Mr. Squander had already crossed the water—a circumstance which he had not made known to them, they became furious. It was too late, however, their money was paid down, and the amount was secretly sent over to France.

I have no terms of contempt sufficiently strong to reprobate such conduct. If gentlemen can league together for the purposes of dishonesty and of plunder, what can be expected from the lower orders? With such examples, can we wonder at fraudulent bankruptcies, at swindling tricks, or even at open robbery in the inferior ranks of life? or may we not suspect that honour, which is but the refinement of honesty, as delicacy of sentiment and discriminative equity is but the educated child of probity, has deserted the higher classes, and has quitted the gilded palace to sojourn and to pine in the straw-covered and wretched cabin. Then indeed may we say with the poet, that

"Honesty is a ragged virtue,"

and that Boileau, so just in all his other conclusions, is mistaken in saying that, "*Dans le monde il n'est rien beau que l'équité*," &c.

But let us turn away from so unpleasant and humiliating a picture, to take a general view of the busy scene at Tattersal's, where Peers and other movers in high life, descend to be quite men of business, at times—where such a large portion of rank and of fashion is occasionally assembled—and where I was drawn, neither as a dealer, nor for a lounge, but merely to meet a friend, who went to purchase a young ruined rake's fine set of carriage horses, and from whom I wanted to get a couple of franks for the Dowager Lady Mac Tab.

A masquerade could scarcely exhibit more motley groups than the attendants of this place of fashionable resort. There were Peers, Baronets, Members of Parliament, Turf-gentlemen and Turf-servants, Jockies, Grooms, Horse-dealers, Gamblers and Spies. There you might see the oldest and some of the best blood in England, disguised like coachmen, or like the whippers-in of a pack of hounds; there, master and man consulting about the purchase or the sale of a horse;—in one place a person of rank taking advice of a horse-jockey or a dealer, on the subject of some match or race; in another, a fat grazier or a flashy butcher, aping the gentleman, in new boots, &c. and come in order to pick up a bargain;—one corner displayed the anxious disappointed countenance of a seller; the opposite one discovered the elate, yet perhaps more completely gulled, buyer, who was paying cent per cent for fashion, or half as much again for a pedigreed horse as he was worth, and whose pedigree was, probably, made out only by the horse-dealer. In the centre of the crowd, stood idlers, loungers, gentlemen who had nothing to do but to attend sales without purchasing, and to promenade the parks without knowing or being known to any one. These were discernible by the apathy of their unmoved features. A little aside stood some parliamentary characters, talking of the last night's debates. There two puppies were conversing about their mistresses. Just by the entrance was a band of gaudy Ruffians, canvassing the merits of Smolensko; and without stood a knot of Exquisites, praising the beauties of Lady Mary. Near the Knight of the Hammer were half a dozen Dragoons and some Life-guardsmen, dressed half *en bourgeois* half *à la militaire*, with a crooked Gambler and a buck Clergyman; whilst Lord Wronghead was posted in the middle with his coachman at his elbow, nudging him occasionally, in order to direct him how to bid for a pair of currie horses. Some well-dressed pickpockets, eagerly on the lookout, and a parcel of led horses and servants, not to forget the dealer in puffs, completed the assemblage.

Others may take pleasure in such a scene—others may call it *killing an hour* to sojourn there during that period on a sale day;* but, I confess, that this lounge has no charms for me; the price of horse-flesh does not exactly interest me as much as the price of provisions with relative considerations for the benefit of

the poor; and I feel on this subject somewhat similar to that polished and accomplished nobleman, who, the day after he had been present at a fox-chase, being solicited to go out again, coolly asked, "if gentlemen ever went out hunting a second time?"

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

VARIETIES.

Politics and the Drama.

Two branches of our literary tree being this week barren, we chuse to link them together. *Politics and the Drama!* Neither is the union so strange as may at first sight appear; for in perfect verity, Politics are but the Drama on a larger and more important scale; and the Drama is just the picture of Politics represented under a fictitious semblance upon the stage. Both may be divided into Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Melo-drama and Farce. The bloody Tragedy of War, the whimsical Comedy of Government, the harmonious Opera of Peace, the grand Melo-drama of Conferences and Negotiations, and the ridiculous Farce which pervades crowns, and concludes *All*. But the simile holds good even to particulars: Revolutions are Ballets d'action, Elections Divertissements, Coronations Spectacles, and the Holy Alliance but a revival of one of the Ancient Mysteries. Nay, the analogy at any moment, and even in the present dearth of performances, extends to the pieces got up and the actors engaged on both Theatres. The Emperor Francis and Mr. Astley are playing with the Tyrolese upon stilts; Buonaparte and Don Giovanni are severally lost at St. Helena and the Surrey; our illustrious Regent and Sadler's Wells are engaged on aquatic entertainments; Miss Kelly and General Jackson, in the "Americans," are acting their parts with the savage Indians; France and Drury Lane exhibit the confusion of conflicting interests and unstable power—Peter Moore is Louis XVIII. and Mr. Robins General Canuel; Covent Garden is reducing its corps, as Europe its armies; the Haymarket and Bernadotte are alike successful at "Nine Points in Law or Possession;" the Italian Opera is Italian in discontent, squabbles and pretensions; and the Coburg, showy and feeble, is China in all but size, imperially puffing and proclaiming itself, in its edicts, the light of the day and the delight of the universe.

From what we have stated, it may be inferred that neither in the real nor in the unreal world, have we any novelties to communicate to our readers. Matters in both go on precisely as they were going last Saturday; and we may truly conclude that, with the exception of this critique, there is "nothing new under the Sun." In

order therefore to distinguish it as greatly as Invention in these dull and plodding imitative times deserves, we have directed that the usual type shall be employed on our Politics and Drama, (i.e. the large, or Long Primer, in the former, and the small, or Bourgeois, in the latter) which, in this mixed state, the Printer being unable to comply with, he declares he will also add his share to the jeu d'esprit, and *typograph* it in alternate lines!

HUGE ANIMAL.—A correspondent in Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, signing "Thomas Pollock, Blantyre by Hamilton," avers that being a serjeant in the Hudson's Bay Company in 1803, and travelling with the late Mr. Louis into the interior of North America, he suddenly came upon an animal of an immense size. It appeared about twenty feet in height, and had a very heavy and unwieldy appearance. The largeness of its belly was enormous, nearly touching the ground. Its colour was a dirty black. Mr. Louis saw its footsteps and dung: the latter indicated that its food was vegetables, and the former gave a print nearly two feet square. The hoof was not divided, but from the impression seemed as if hollow in the middle.

Anecdote of the late Kosciusko.—When the struggle was over in Poland, Kosciusko came here in his way to America, whither he was going to retire. The Whig Club, on this occasion, to do him honour, ordered him a magnificent sword. Lord John Townshend, so celebrated for his wit, then wrote the following impromptu:

The debt to valour due, by England paid;
When, lo! another's to the Cutler made!
Let Polish gratitude discharge the bill,
For British Patriotism never will.

Miss Pope, of Drury Lane Theatre, an actress of celebrity in a particular line, and many years retired from the stage, where she was originally a protégée of Garrick's, died on the 30th at Brompton, aged 74.

A Neapolitan has succeeded in detaching three fine Frescos of Domenichino from the damp walls of the Palace Farnese, where they were exposed to destruction, and spreading them on canvass.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have been favoured, as Subscribers, with the inspection of specimens, in large and small, of the typography and paper of Mr. Valpy's forthcoming edition of the Delphin and Variorum Classics; and having before noticed this work in a way that led to inquiries which we were not then enabled to answer, we now take the opportunity of stating, that the utmost promise held out by the publication, in these respects, seems to be fully realized in the execution. The paper is substantial and excellent; the type broad, clear, and legible: and we have no doubt but that, when completed, this Edition will be at once an honour to the Arts and Literature of Great Britain.

* Every Monday.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY.

Thursday, 30—Thermometer from 55 to 80.
Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 32.
Wind SbW. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy.

Friday, 31—Thermometer from 57 to 74.
Barometer from 30, 28 to 30, 19.
Wind SW $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy, with a little rain in the afternoon.

AUGUST.

Saturday, 1—Thermometer from 52 to 67.
Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 21.
Wind WbS. and NW. 1.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.
Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.

Sunday, 2—Thermometer from 42 to 71.
Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 30.
Wind N. and N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clear.

Monday, 3—Thermometer from 42 to 74.
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 26.
Wind E. and S. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Rather hazy at noon, the rest of the day clear.

Tuesday, 4—Thermometer from 45 to 84.
Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 28.
Wind E. and S. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clear.

Wednesday, 5—Thermometer from 47 to 91.
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 25.
Wind E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clear.

The leaves of many bushes and trees are quite withered by the incessant drought and heat.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor thinks very highly of the Essay on the Equalization of Weights and Measures; but if published at a period when no legislative proceedings are under consideration, and there is nothing in the public mind upon the question, it would lose its effect. It is reserved for insertion in due time; and, indeed, we have many able papers on various important subjects, laid by, under similar circumstances.

We should be glad to know where to address a letter to E. C. though we are afraid we cannot meet his proposition. The Sketches his original promise induced us to expect, would be most agreeable to us. The Editor will probably be at the place of his Post-mark for a few days about a fortnight hence.

X. Y. Z.'s pieces shall be inserted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Miscellaneous,

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

MR. WEST'S EXHIBITION.

The Great Picture of

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE, CHRIST REJECTED, ST. PETER'S FIRST SERMON, with several Pictures and Sketches from other Scriptural Subjects, are now EXHIBITING under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every Day from ten till Five.
CHARLES SMART, Secretary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

On July the 31st was published,

Part LXXVI.—of

DR. REES'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

Printed for Longman and Co. and the other Proprietors.

The Subscribers are requested to make up their Sets as soon as possible, the whole work being nearly completed, and many of the Parts are becoming scarce.

Cham baud, Hamel, Perrin, Wanostrucht, &c.

This Day is published, in 12mo. price 3s. bound, A SEQUEL to the FRENCH EXERCISES of Cham baud, Hamel, Perrin, Wanostrucht, and other Grammarians; being a practical Guide to Translate from English into good French, on a new Plan, with Grammatical Notes. By G. H. POPPLETON.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

Of whom may be had,

A Key to Poppleton's French Exercises; being a Translation of the various Exercises contained in that Book. In 12mo. Price 2s. 6d. bound.

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PLANTA'S NEW PICTURE OF PARIS; or, The Stranger's Guide to the French Metropolis; accurately describing the Public Establishments, remarkable Edifices, Places of Amusement, and every other object worthy of notice; also, a Description of the Environs of Paris, and the various Routes from England, with particular Hints to Travellers, &c. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Views, &c. New Edition, much enlarged and entirely recomposed. Price 3s. bound.

Printed for Samuel Leigh, 18, Strand, where may be had a great variety of New Works for Travellers on the Continent.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. MEMOIRS of COUNT DE LAS CASES, the companion of Napoleon. Communicated by Himself.

Comprising a Narrative of the Voyage to and Residence at St. Helena, their manner of living, and the treatment they experienced, with an Appendix containing a Letter of Count Las Cases to Lord Bathurst, written from Frankfurt. The whole now first published from the original MSS.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, FLORENCE MACARTHY: an Irish Tale.

By LADY MORGAN,

Author of France, O'Donnell, &c. &c.
"Les femmes ne sont pas trop d'humeur à pardonner de certaines injures; et quand elles se promettent le plaisir de la vengeance, elles n'y vont pas de main morte."

Mem. de Grammont.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo.

SKETCHES OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

By SIR T. CHARLES MORGAN, M.D.

And Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Περὶ τῆς Ἰατρικῆς Φυσιολογίας.

Heracitus.

Il n'y a point de doute, que les besoins physiques ne dépendent immédiatement de l'organisation; mais les besoins moraux, n'en dépendent pas également, quoique d'une manière moins directe, ou moins sensible?

Cabanis. Rapport du physique et du moral.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

This Day was published, in 1 vol. price 5s. 6d.

The ART of PRESERVING the FEET: or Practical Instructions for the prevention and cure of Corns, Bunions, Callosities, Chilblains, &c. with observations on the dangers arising from improper treatment, advice to Pedestrians, &c.; to which are added, directions for the better management of the Hands and Nails, by an experienced Chiropodist.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for AUGUST 1, is embellished with an admirable likeness of Thomas Moore, Esq. and contains, besides *Story* articles of Literary and Philosophical Intelligence, *Memoirs* of the late Sir Thomas Bernard; *Monk Lewis*, Esq., Hervey C. Coombe, Isaac Hawkins Brown, Joseph Adams, M.D., Daniel Brathwaite, Right Hon. G. Rose, Baron Gerning, Original Poetry by Lord Byron, Robert Burns, Thomas Moore, Esq. &c.—Original Anecdotes of Bishop Watson—Observations on a Letter to Lord Byron—Dulwich College—Vindication of Eloisa—Strictures on Mr. Loudon's Curvilinear Hot-houses—Anecdotes of Cobbett—The Quarterly Reviewers and Mr. Leigh Hunt—Mr. Mitford on Sea Serpents—On the Clerical Dress—Cultivation of the Wild Out—the Austrian Princes' account of Edinburgh and Glasgow—A Story about nothing—New Systems of Education—Song from the Gaelic—Moral deficiency of Methodism—Sir Francis Bourgeois—Account of Polls for London during the present Reign—Epidemic in Bengal—Minutiae Literariæ—Report on the Copyright Act—Fine Arts—Mr. Hayden on the Building and Embellishment of new Churches—Mr. Lesters' New Discovery in Optics—Human Salamanders—Criticism on the Memoirs of Dr. Benjamin Franklin—Barratt's Woman: a Poem—Nichols' Literary History of the 18th Century—Memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte—Henderson's Journal of a Residence in Ireland—Shipwreck of the Medusa—Letters of a Prussian Traveller—Reports, Literary, Chemical, Agricultural, and Commercial.

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